MUSCIPULA:

OR, THE

MOUSE-TRAP.

Attempted in *English Burlesque.*

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MUSCIPULA:

SIVE

CAMBRO-MUO-MACHIA.

MOnticolam Britonem, qui primus vin-
[cula Muri
Finxit, & exiguum cohibebat carcere
[furem,
Lethalesque dolos, & inextricabile fatum
Musa, refer: Tu, Phœbe potens (nam te quoque
[quondam
Muribus infestum dixerunt Sminthea vates)
Sis præsens: & tot Cambrorum montibus unum
Parnaum excipiens, faveas, dum pingere versu
Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musâ.

Mus

THE Mouſe-Trap.

COME ſing, my Muſe, that ancient [*Briton*,
That Mountaineer, who firſt did hit [on
The Knack of making Mouſe-traps, ſhutting
The Thief in Goal, to Death did put him.
Thee, mighty *Phœbus*, I implore.
(Who'ſt been plagu'd with them heretofore,
As Poets ſay) thy Preſence bleſs us,
Make ſome *Welſh* Mountain thy *Parnaſſus*,
Vouchſafe to grant thy Favour, while
~~I tell a Tale will make thee ſmile.~~
I tune my Pipes to make Folks ſmile.

The

Mus inimicum animal, prædari & vivere rapto
Suetum impune diu, ſpolii quâ innata cupido
Juſſerat, erravit, ſceleratam exercuit artem
Impune, & ſaliens hinc illinc cuncta maligno
Corrupit dente, & patinâ male luſit in omni.
Nil erat intactum, ſed ubique domeſticus hoſtis
Aſſiduus conviva aderat : non mœnia furtis
Obſtare, aut ſeſe poterant defendere vectes
Robuſtæque fores : qua non data porta peredit
Ipſe ſibi introitum, da pibuſque indulſit inemptis.

Peſtis at hæc totum dum ſerpſit inulta per orbem,
Cambria præcipue flevit : quia caſeus illic
Multus olet, quem Mus, non æquè ac plurima, libat,
Aut leviter tantum arrodit, ſed dente frequenti
Excavat, interiuſque domos ſibi ſcalpit edules.

Gens tota incenſa eſt ſuper his, rabieſque do-[lorque
Diſcruciant animos ; frendent, juga ſumma per-[rarrant,

Stare

The *Mouſe*, a noxious Animal,
Whoſe Luſt of Prey is natural,
Scampers unpuniſh'd up and down,
And plays his Pranks in every Town,
Skips here and there, and all Things gnaws,
And dawbs the Platters with his Paws:
Nothing could ſtand but he would taſte,
Domeſtick Foe, but conſtant Gueſt.
Walls, Doors nor Bars could him impede:
Where no Way was, a Way he gnaw'd,
To live at Free-coſt was his Trade.

But while this Plague ſo much prevails
In all Parts, 'tis felt moſt in *Wales*:
Strong Smell of *Cheeſe* does ſo intice
From other Parts, the thieving Mice,
Who do not only taſte and gnaw,
But dig great Holes with Tooth and Claw,
Wherein they ſit and eat their Fill,
As ſafe as any Thief i'th' Mill.

At this the People all are vex'd,
With Rage and Sorrow much perplex'd:

They

Stare loco ignorant : nam Cambris prona furori
Corda dedit natura, & atroci pectora bile
Ferveſcunt ; credas animos quoque ſulphure [tinctos.

Ergo jubente irâ dignas cum ſanguine pœnas
Sumere decretum eſt, ſed quâ ratione latronem
Tam cautum opprimerent, quo vindice furtâ re- [pellant
Incertum : neque felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri
Limina, nec miſeris poterat ſuccurrere rebus.
Illa quidem varias poſuit circum ora cavernæ
Inſidias, tacitòque pede ad cava limina repens
Excubias egit, fuſtrà ; Mus nempe puſillo
Corpore ſecurus, tantò & præſtantior hoſte
Quo minor, intentum prædæ ſi fortè videret
Limine cuſtodem, retro irruit, inque receſſus
Terga dedit curvos, atque invia felibus antra.
Inde caput metuens iterum proferre, nec auſus
Excurſus tentare novos, dum caſtra moveret
Hoſtis : & omne aberat vigili cum fele periculum.

Cambria

They fret and fume, cannot ſtand ſtill,
But run about from Hill to Hill;
For *Welſhmen* have a natural Trick
Of being Fierce, and Cholerick,
There's in their Minds, as one wou'd think, ſure
Something of a ſulphureous Tincture.
Then thus enrag'd, they inſtantly
Reſolve upon't the *Mouſe* ſhall dye:
But all the Craft is how to catch him,
Or whom to find that can diſpatch him;
For tho' the *Cat* had done her beſt,
She cannot rid them of this Peſt.
No Diligence, 'tis true, ſhe ſpar'd,
But always kept due Watch and Ward,
And to the Entrance of his Hole,
In ſev'ral Poſtures oft had ſtole;
Yet could not take 'm into Cuſtody,
For why, the *Mouſe*'s little Body
Was ſo far his Security,
When from his Hole he did eſpy
The *Cat* a coming, in he pops,
Depriving *Puſs* of all her Hopes,

Cambria ſic olim (liceat componere Muri)
Victorem eluſit, cum jam, domitto orbe, Bri-
[tannos
Imperio adjecit Cæſar: Sic nempe receſſit
Ad latebras gens tota, & inexpugnable vallum,
Montes: Sic ſua ſaxa inter, medioque ruinæ
Delituit tuta, & deſperans vincere, vinci
Noluit, hinc priſcos memorant longo ordine patres
Indomitaſque crepant terras, linguæque ſe-
[nectam.

Felinos igitur poſtquam Mus ſæpius ungues
Fugerat, & Britoni ſpes non erat inde ſalutis,
Concilium accitur, ſupremo in limine terræ,
Littus ad Hiſperium, qua nunc Menevia plorat
Curtatos Mitræ titulos, & nomen inane
Semiſepultæ urbis. Properant hinc inde fre-
[quentes
Patreſque, procereſque, & odorum ſulphure
[vulgus.

Tum

Nor durſt peep out his Head for Fear,
'Till *Puſs* decamp'd, and all was clear.

Thus when of old *Cæſar* thought fitting
To add to's other Conqueſts *Britain*,
The *Welſh* (as nimble as a *Mouſe*)
Play'd with the Conqu'ror faſt and looſe,
And by retiring in whole Shoals,
Unto the Rocks, their lurking Holes,
In Secreſy and Safety lay,
Cou'dn't win, nor would they yield the Day:
Hence 'tis they boaſt their Pedigree,
And Language's Antiquity.

The *Welſhmen* now full well perceiv'd
There was no Hopes of being reliev'd
From *Puſs*'s Stratagems: Wherefore
Upon the utmoſt Weſtern Shore,
Near to St. *David*'s, fam'd for little
At preſent but a Biſhop's Title,
The Nobles, Gentry, and a Throng
Of Mob, who ſmelt of Brimſtone ſtrong,
Together meet to take Advice,
How to get rid o'th' peſtilent *Mice*.

Tum ſenior, cui ſæpe ſuis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam ; cuique ora manuſque
Fœda incraſtavit ſcabies, ſic gutture rauco
Præcipitans balbas voces : non, inquit, aperto
De Bello, ſed Furto agitur ; non exterus hoſtis,
At majus graviuſque malum, nimis intimus hoſpes
Compulit huc populum ; dominabitur uſque Ty-
[rannus
Mus petulans ? Vos ergo Patres, Venerabilis ordo,
Queis patriæ pretioſa ſalus, finite dolores
Conſilio noſtros, & ſi ſpes ulla ſuperſit,
Propitias adhibete manus : ſic Cadwaladeri
Dum clareſcat honos, veſtra hic quoque gloria
[vivet.

Dixit ; & ante oculos fragmenta & mucida
[tollens
Fruſtula, reliquias muris, monumenta rapinæ,
Exacuit Cambrorum iram : jamque æmulus ardor

Vindictæ,

Then an old Fellow, whoſe long Beard,
Rival'd the He-Goats of the Herd,
Incruſted o'er with Scabs and Itch,
Began this his Rough-throated Speech.
We are not hither come, quoth he,
" To treat of War, but Thievery :
" No foreign Foe, but a worſe Peſt,
" A too familiar ſawcy Gueſt,
" Has cauſed this our preſent meeting.
" Your Wiſdoms don't, I hope, think fitting,
" This impudent *Mouſe* ſhall domineer,
" And range about thus every where.
" Wherefore, my Maſters, ſince to have
" Nothing at Heart more, than to ſave
" This Land from Ruin, you pretend,
" Pray give Advice, to put an end
" To this great Plague, and lend's a Hand to
" (If Heart don't fail) do what we can do,
" Which far and near ſhall ſpread our Fame,
" As long as *Welſhman* has a Name.

Thus ſaid, he ſhews the mouldy Pieces,
And Scraps of the *Mouſe*-eaten Cheeſes,

Vindictæ, tum laudis amor ſub pectore Patrum
Arſit inauditam mediatur quiſque ruinam
Muri, & Muſcipulam fere parturit omne ce-
[rebrum.

At quidam ante alios notus cognomine Taffi
Et magis ingenio celebris, cui Wallia nunquam
Æqualem peperit, Faber idem, idemque Senator
Eximius, hic orſus erat. Si gloria gentis
Caſeus intereat, metuo ne tota colonum
Deficiat cœna & menſæ decus omne ſecundæ
Divitibus pereat: quoniam ergo Wallica virtus,
Et feles nequeant ſuperare hæc monſtrula, fabri
Dextera quod poſſit, quid machina parva,
[dolique
Experiar: Dolus an virtus quis in hoſte requirit?

Talia

The poor Remains the *Mouſe* had left,
Plain Evidences of the Theft.
This ſets their *Welſh* Blood up, 'on which,
To be reveng'd, their Fingers itch:
The love of Honour boiling high,
Each one reſolv'd the *Mouſe* ſhould dye,
And had a Mouſe-Trap in his Eye.

But one, a cunning Snap, whoſe Name
Was *Taffy*, and a Man of Fame,
Wales never had his Fellow, who
Was *Alderman* and *Blackſmith* too,
Began this ſhort, but quaint Oration.
" If *Cheeſe*, the Glory of our Nation,
" Muſt be, ſays he, by *Mice* eat up,
" On what, I pray, muſt *Shenkin* ſup;
" I dread to think it! Nay, what's worſe,
" The Gentry 'll want their ſecond Courſe.
" Now ſince nor Martial Power, nor Civil,
" Nor *Puſs*, can rid us of this Evil,
" I'll try a Trick, it matters not
" By Fraud or Force, ſo he's but caught.

Talia jactantem circumstant undique fixis
Hærentes oculis, sperataque gaudia læto
Murmure certatim testantur; & unde salutem
Promissam expectant quærunt, ardentque doceri.

Ille caput scalpens (nam multum scalpere [Cambris
Expedit) horrendum subrisit, & ora resolvens
Talia verba refert: Cum fessus membra quieti
Hesterna sub nocte dedi, & sopor altus habebat
Lumina, Mus audax, sectatus opinor odores
Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab ore
Caseus, accessit furtim & compage soluta
Faucibus irrepsit; jamque ipsa in viscera lapsus
Ventris opes miseras spoliare, epulisque paravit
Luxuriare meis, tacitoque in gutture pasci.
Excussus subito somnis, sub dente latronem,

Dum

At this they crowd about him, ſtaring,
An emulous Hum their Joy declaring,
Enquire whence this Help ſhall come,
And long to know how't may be done.

Scratching his Head, with wild Grimace,
(Which mightily does *Welſhmen* grace)
He ope's his Mouth, begins to tell 'em
What Accident laſt Night befell 'im.
" As I to reſt had laid me down,
" And was, ſays he, aſleep full ſound,
" An imp'dent *Mouſe*, led, I ſuppoſe,
" By the nice Conduct of his Noſe,
" Scenting the *Cheeſe* yet undigeſted,
" On which I had but lately feaſted,
" Came ſlily, and my Mouth wide ope,
" Unfelt, into my Belly crope,
" (Thinking, it ſeems, with me to ſnack it)
" Where, when he kept ſuch deadly racket,
" As made my Guts begin to grumble,
" And me full oft to toſs and tumble;

I ſtarted

Dum reſilire parat, prenſi, arreptumque tenebam
Mordaci laqueo. Sic ergo carcere Murem
Poſſe capi doctus, cito parva ergaſtula, mecum
Hæc meditans, ſtatui fabricare, animoque catenas
Effinxi tales, mihi quas ſuggeſſerat oris
Captivus. Miram O! quali regit omnia lege
Dextra arcana Jovis! quam cæcis paſſibus errat
Cauſarum ſeries! nobis Mus ipſe ſalutem
Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante dolores,
Tollere jam docuit: neve hunc habuiſſe Magi-
[ſtrum
Vos pudeat Patres; fas eſt vel ab hoſte doceri.

Hæc ubi dicta, domum repetit, comitantur eun-
[tem
Plaudentes populi, atque benignâ laboribus optant
Omnia. Tum celeri ſua quiſque ad limina curſu
Nuncius it, Laribuſque refert quæ munera Taſſi
Ingenio ſperanda forent: dumque ordine narrant
Omnia, dumque Deis, ut tanta, incepta ſucundent,

Vota

" I ſtarted, and running out I ſnapt him
" Between my Teeth, and there I kept him.
" Thus having therefore ta'en the Hint
" From thence, I think *Old-Nick* is in't,
" If I can't make a Mouſe-trap, taught
" By him which way he may be caught.
" How wonderful is *Jove*'s Decree!
" How Things are brought about, you ſee!
" The *Mouſe* that was e'er while our Bane,
" Has ſhew'd us how he may be ta'en:
" Pray ſlight it not for th'Author's Meanneſs,
" A Knave ſometimes may do's a Kindneſs.

This ſaid, He haſtens Home, they follow,
And all the Way they ſhout and hollow,
And bid God ſpeed. Then every one
Trudges away to his own Home,
To tell the News, and there relate
What fine Things *Taffy* had in's Pate.
And while they tell it all in Order,
And pray that Heaven the ſame will furder,

Vota ferunt; monitæ præſago pectore feles
Plus ſolito luſere, (& ſi fas credere famæ)
Sub manibus matrum ſaliere coagula Lactis.

Interea Taffi manibuſque animoque viciſſim
Inſtat magno operi, & divinâ Palladis arte
Muſcipulam ædificat; fit machina mira, novaque
Induitur vultûs ſpecie tragi-comica moles.

Quin age, ſi tibi muſa vacat, ſpectacula pandas
Infantis fabricæ, & percurrens ſingula, totam
Compagem expedias. Quadrati lamina ligni
Summum imumque tegit: filorum ferreus ordo
Munit utrumque latus, parviſque uti fulta co-
[lumnis
Stat domus: introitus patet inſidioſus, amicum
Muribus hoſpitium oſtentans, ſed deſuper horret

Janua

The *Cats* by Inſtinct ſympathize,
And skip about in joyful Guiſe,
(And if we'll truſt what Fame advanc'd)
The freſh Curds in the Cheeſe-Fat danc'd.

I'th'Interim *Taffy* plays his Part,
And falls to work with Hand and Heart;
And by the Help of *Pallas*, whoſe Hap
Was to be there, he made a *Mouſe-Trap*,
A Tra-gi-co-mi-cal Ma-chine,
The like before had ne'er been ſeen.

Come then, my Muſe, if thou haſt while,
Shew us the Order of this Pile,
And if thou haſt not quite forgot 'em,
Deſcribe its Parts from Top to Bottom,
Two ſquare thin Boards of oblong Faſhion,
One made the Roof, one the Foundation;
A Row of Pillars made of Iron,
Did prop it up, and eke inviron.
A ſpacious Entrance, but miſchievous,
To 'tice the *Mice* in: For, O grievous!

Janua, perniciem meditans, tenuique ruina
Suſpenſa eſt filo: (uſque adeo ſua ſtamina Parcæ
Ducunt Muri etiam & pendent fata omnia filo,)
Supremæ tabulæ mediâ de parte biſulco
Vertice ſtat lignum erectum, cui parvula trabes
Tranſverſim poſita inſeritur, juſtèque libratas
Utrinque extendit palmas, quarum altera quan-
[tùm
Deprimitur, tantum annexam levat altera por-
[tam.
Interiore domo, per tecti exile foramen
Demiſſum pendet ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Huc illuc facili tactu: curvatur in hamum
Infima pars, eſcamque tenet; pars altera trabem
Extremam leviter premit, at dimittere rurſus
Non dubitat, minimum quamprimum ſenſerit
[ictum.

His ita diſpoſitis, pendentem protinus hamum
Induit inſidiis Taffi, exitioſaque Muri]
Ipſa alimenta facit. Sed quo fragrantior eſſet

Caſeus

There hung upon a ſlender Thread
A Gate above wou'd make one dread :
(Ev'n thus the Deſtiny of *Mice*,
Like all Things elſe on a Thread relies.)
A perpendicular Beam above
Stands up, which in the Middle clove,
Admits a leſſer quite acroſs,
With Arms held out in Counterpoiſe,
Depreſs one End, and without Pullies
The other draws up a Portcullice :
Within, below, there hangs a Wire,
Which with a Touch moves far or nigher,
The lower Part doth ſomewhat bend
To ſtick the Bait on, t'other End
Keeps down the Beam, but lets it go
At the leaſt Pluck is made below.

Thus *Taffy* having made an end on't,
Faſtens the Bait to the Hook pendant ;
Makes uſe of what was good to eat,
To cheat the *Mouſe*, Oh wicked Cheat !

And

Caſeus, & Mures invitet longius eſcam
Fatalem torret flammis, vimque addit adori.

Et jam nox memoranda aderat, cum feſſa [cubili
Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinar amicam
Muſcipulam ſtatuit, fidoque ſatellite tutus
Indulſit facili ſomno: gens improba Mures
Interea exiliunt læti, noctiſque ſilentis
Præſidio confiſi errant: tum naribus acer
Mus quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis,
Caſtra inimica petit, quo grato flamine toſtus
Caſeus allexit. Venientia prima reſiſtunt
Clathra, aditumque negant ſed turpem ferre re- [pulſam
Ille indignatus, munimina ferrea circum
Curſitat, & criſpat naſum, introitumque ſagaci
Explorat barba; jamque irremeabile limen
Ingreſſus, votique potens, triſtem arripit eſcam,
Exitiumque vorat lætus, potiturque ruina.

Taffi

And that the *Cheeſe* might more intice,
He toaſted it to make it nice.

Now comes the Night, for ever bleſs'd,
When *Taffy* laying his Bones to reſt,
Cloſe by his Pillow ſets the Trap,
And being thus guarded, takes his Nap.
The wicked *Mice* friſk up and down,
Claiming the Night as all their own:
Then one, the Chiefeſt of the reſt,
Whoſe Smellers were the very beſt,
Born under an unlucky Planet,
'Tic'd by the *Cheeſe*, or th'Scent came from it,
Comes up, and boldly ſets upon it.
The Wires at firſt gave him Reſiſtance,
But ſcorning to be kept at Diſtance,
Round all the Iron Bars he goes,
Attempting Entrance with his Noſe;
At length he finds the fatal Gate,
Obtains his Wiſh, and ſnaps the Bait,
And gladly ſwallows his ill Fate.

Then

Taffi, exaudito ſtrepitu, quem pendula portâ
Lapſa dedit, cubito erigitur thalamoque triumphans
Exilit, impatiens diſcendi quis novus hoſpes
Venerat. Interea furit intus ridiculus Mus,
Et fronte & pedibus pugnat, jamque intervallis
Clathrorum caput impingit, ferrumque fatigat
Dentibus inſanis. Sic olim in retia Marſus
Actus aper fremit horrendus, ſinuoſaque quaſſat
Vincula, ludibrium catulis: diffuſa per artus
It ſpuma, arrectæque horrent in pectore ſetæ.

Poſtera lux oritur, decurrent montibus altis
Præcipites Cambri, nam cunctas venit ad aures
Res nova. Quippe Aſinus, ſolitâ gravitate remiſſâ,
Et jam pigritiæ oblitus, laſcivior hædo
Aſcendit montem; qua rauco gutture Cambrum
Præconem ſimulans, ter diſtorto ore rudebat,
Ter ſonuit te, Taffi, & publica dixit amicis
Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo
Tempore Legatus) per compita ubique, per urbes

Totâ

Then by the Noiſe the Mouſe-Trap made,
Taffy awakes, whips out of Bed,
Longing to know what Gueſt he had.
And now the ſilly *Mouſe* in Jail
Strives to get out with Tooth and Nail,
Beating his Head againſt the Wires,
Them and himſelf in vain he tires.
Like a Wild Boar caught in a Net,
The Sport of Dogs, does fume and fret,
Throwing the frothy Foam about,
Setting his horrid Briſtles up.

When Day-light came, the News being flown,
The *Welſhmen* from the Hills came down:
For th'Aſs, their Cryer, laying by
His ſlow Pace, and his Gravity,
Like any Kid the Mountains climbs,
And brays out *Taffy*'s Praiſe three times,
And with wry Mouth makes Proclamation
Of this good Luck to all the Nation.
The *Owl* too, (who from that Time bore,
The Title of Am-baſ-ſa-dour,

Totâ nocte errans, roſtrum ferale feneſtris
Stridulus impegit, cecinitque inſtantia Muris
Funera. Parturiunt montes, atque agmine denſo
Pembrochiæ multus ruit incola, Merviniæque;
Quique tenet Bonium; & Mariduni mœnia vate
Inclyta Merlino; veniunt fœcunda Glamorgan
Quos alit, & Vagæ potor, rigiduſque colonus
Gomerici montis. Tum circumſtante coronâ
Illudit capto Taffi, iratumque laceſſens.
Nequicquam lucteris, ait, damnaberis iræ
Victima prima meæ, memorique hæc limina tinges
Sanguine: ſpes nulla eſt, retrofugientibus obſtant
Non exorandi poſtes; dabis improbe pœnas
Pro meritis, vitamque ſimul cum carcere linques.

Flies through the Towns and Villages,
Shrieking the *Mouſe*'s Elegies.
The Hills bring forth, in Troops they come
From *Pembrook*, and from *Bonium*,
From *Merioneth*, and *Carmaerthen*;
Where *Merlin*'s Mother dropt her Burthen,
From rank *Glamorgan*, and from *Wye*,
And from the bleak *Montgomery*:
And being gather'd all about him,
Taff. takes the *Mouſe*, begins to flout him.
" To ſtrive, ſays he, it boots thee not,
" For thou ſhalt ſurely go to Pot,
" And to my Wrath firſt Victim fall,
" And with thy Blood beſtain this Wall:
" There is no Hopes for thee to flie,
" But for thy Theft and Roguery,
" Thou ſhalt receive due Retribution,
" And go from hence to Execution.

Vix ea fatus erat, cum ludicra felis aprico
Culmine deſiliit tecti, quo ſæpe ſolebat
Cruribus extenſis molli langueſcere luxu ;
Aſpicit inſtantem captivus, & erigit aures,
Gibboſoque rigit tergo, nec limen apertum
Jam tentare audet, ſed in ipſo carcere ſolam
Spem libertatis ponens, ſua vincula prenſat,
Unguibus hamatis, pedibuſque tenacibus hæret ;
Excutitur tamen, & felis rapidiſſima prœda
Involat, ac fruſtra luctantem evadere ſævo
Implicat amplexu, crudeliaque oſcula figit.
Nulla datur requies, agili ſinuamine caudæ
Gaudia teſtatur victrix, & flexile corpus
Laſcivo verſans ſaltu, modo corpore prono
Attentè invigilat Muri ; modo colla benignis

He ſcarce had done, when from the Thatch,
Where ſhe was wont her Limbs to ſtretch,
The *Cat* leaps down, whom inſtantly
The wretched Priſoner does eſpy,
Sets up his Back, pricks up his Ears,
And, tho' the Gate was open, dares
Not ſtir a Step, but hopes at laſt
To ſave himſelf by holding faſt,
And in the Trap puts his whole Truſt,
But to no Purpoſe, out he muſt.
The *Cat*, like Lightning, flying at him,
I'th' twinkling of an Eye had caught him,
With Claws extended, faſt'ning on
The *Mouſe*, ſtill ſtriving to be gone,
With dire Embraces does accoſt him,
And to and fro ſhe nimbly toſt him ;
With wrythen Tail her Joy declares,
And leaps about with wanton Aires.
Now on her Belly flat ſhe lies,
But has the *Mouſe* ſtill in her Eyes,

Unguiculis leniter palpans, mentitur amorem
Dum lacerare parat : variâ ſic arte jocoſam
Barbariem exercet, lepidaque tyrannide ludit.
At nugis tandem defeſſa, nec amplius iram
Diſſimulans, acuit dentes, & more leonis
Impaſti incumbit prædæ : jam pectore ab imo
Murmurat, & tremulos artus, & ſparſa cruore
Viſcera dilaniat. Plebs circumfuſa cruorem
Inviſum aſpiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
Æthera, clamoreſque Echo, Cambræ incola terræ,
Læta refert ; reſonant Plinlimmonis ardua moles
Et Brechin & Snowdon ; vicina ad ſidera fertur
Plauſus, & ingenti ſtrepit Offæ foſſa tumultu.

Tu

Then pats his Neck with Gentleneſs,
Pretending Love, means nothing leſs.
Thus ſeveral Ways ſhe exerciſes
Her barb'rous Sport, and Tyranniſes.
At length, being weary of theſe Gambols,
No longer now her Wrath diſſembles,
But whets her Teeth, and ſoon does fly on,
As furious as an hungry Lyon:
Then growling over him awhile,
She Limb-meal plucks the trembling Spoil.
The Mob around the Blood eſpy,
And with their Shoutings fill the Sky,
And Eccho, which lives much in *Wales*,
Reſounds their Shouts from Hills to Dales.
Plinlimmon's Cliffs, *Snowdon* and *Brechin*,
(And ſome will ſay *Salopian Rhecin*)
Joyn'd in this joyful Chorus, which
Is heard as far as *Offa*'s Ditch.

Tu, Taffi, æternum vives, tua munera Cambri
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotieſque revolvitur annus
Te memorant : patriam gens tota tuetur honorem.
Et cingunt viridi redolentia tempora Porro.

F I N I S.

1 JA 64

Taffy, ſhall live for ever, Thou
Whoſe Worth the *Welſhmen*, ev'n till now
Do celebrate from Year to Year,
All the whole Nation thee revere;
And are reſolv'd, whoe'er ſays nay,
To wear a *Leak* on *Taffy*'s Day.

The END.

1 JA 64